

POOP

FROM

GROUP

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OFFICIAL

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THE REUNIONS

The Second Air Division Association will reunion in Norwich, Norfolk, England, on May 26 - 31, 1983. Any of you who are members of the 2ADA are eligible to attend and the whole of it would be tax deductible to you, and your wife, friend, etc., if they are also a member of the 2ADA. But you must contact Evelyn Cohen as soon as you receive this in order to make your reservations. Write her at Apartment 06410 Delair Landing, 9300 State Road, Philadelphia, PA, 19114 or call her at 215-632-3992. The costs are single occupancy - \$355, double occupancy - \$340 per person and triple occupancy \$280 per person. I am (the 467th is) staying in the Maids Head Inn which you will remember is across the street from the Sampson and Hercules Ballroom (the Muscle Palace) and also across the street (road going to Rackheath) from the Cathedral. On the agenda are: 05-26 - Buffet Supper; 05-27 - Memorial Service and Lunch; 05-28 - a business meeting, a trip to Coltishall and a civic reception in Norwich; on 5-29 - a trip to Cambridge Cemetery (England's Memorial Day) or a trip to Brickling Hall or a Broads boat trip; and on 05-30 - trip to Rackheath and the evening banquet. Sixteen Group veterans, twenty-six in all, said they were going when polled, only six have signed up. If you intend to go, want to go, get with E. Cohen immediately, the reservations are limited to 500 total, over 400 have already signed up.

The 467th Bombardment Group (Heavy) will reunion in DAYTON, OHIO, the WRIGHT PLACE to be, on October 7, 8, 9, 1983. I visited with several people on the change from Cincinnati and had only one dissenting voice of the change. As I understand the purpose of meeting in Cincinnati, the Air Force Museum was a principal attraction and it is logical that being in Dayton will save nearly two plus hours of travel and the expense. Here is the Poop. I have reserved 100 rooms at the Sheraton Dayton - Downtown for the weekend and have received a hell of a bargain, only \$33 per night, singles, doubles or double-double. This is a full accommodations hotel of 225 rooms. I wish we could fill it up. My favorite, knowledgeable club manager checked this out and said we are getting \$50-\$55 rooms. Free parking for those of you driving in, for those flying, limousine from the airport. Send me your name, I'll send you the form to make your own reservations. Some may want to arrive earlier than the 7th, I'll be there on the 6th, however nothing is scheduled for the 6th.

Fri.-Oct. 7 PM Check-in
Day Room open from 1 PM to
Cocktail Party with Open Bar and
Hot and Cold Hors D'Oeuvres 6:30 P to 8 P
Sat.-Oct. 8 Buffet Breakfast - 7:00 - 8:30 A
Day Room Open From 9 A
Bus to Air Force Museum 9-10 A
Wright-Patterson Air Force Museum
10 A to 5 P
12 N to 1 P - Lunch
1 P to 1:30 P - Dedication of
467th Memorial Plaque & Tree
Bus to Sheraton Dayton 3 P to 5 P
6:30 to 7:30 - Unlimited Bar
7:30 P - Dinner
Sun. - Oct 9 Buffet Breakfast - 7:00 - 9 A
Day Room 9 A to 12 N

The cost, \$90 per person, \$5 of which will go to the 467th Memorial which will cost \$1200 - \$1500. So I'm looking for 150 to reunion with us and 150 more who won't make the reunion, to send me 5 bucks. A lot of planning and scheduling is necessary to get the reunion and memorial dedication together. The sooner I hear from each of you, the easier it will be on me. I need some help, I need people in

the vicinity of Dayton to get in touch with me and some of you others, who have offered to arrive early and help out, drop me a line. We'll have tables to display memorabilia in the day room and a message board for events and inquiries.

I've included \$10 in the fee for lunch at Wright-Pat. If I can't arrange this, I'll pick up the tab at the lunch room or refund the \$10. Other individual events, if you can't make it all will be:

Friday Cocktail Party \$20.00
Saturday Buffet Breakfast \$10.00
Saturday Cocktails and Dinner \$35.00
Sunday Buffet Breakfast \$12.50

Make plans now - Let me hear from you.

NECROLOGY

Donald G. Foglesong
David R. "Johnny Pineapple" Kaonohi
Roy L. Rainwater

Errata

Someone does read Poop! It was pointed out to me that in Poop, Vol. 2 No. 3, I said in Reminiscing that the B-24 had four Pratt and Whitney R-1830 engines, principally Model 65s, EIGHTEEN cylinders, air-cooled, two rows of nine, one behind the other, the back row offset to expose the cylinders behind those of the front row. Now he didn't tell me how many cylinders there were, just suggested the next time I was at Barksdale AFB, the Eight AF Museum, kicking tires, I ought to count the cylinders. Also I said the B-25 Mitchell had Pratt and Whitney R-2800-92s. That was wrong. These were Wrights so I guess I must have flown a plane with Wright engines after all.

Another letter said R-1830s had fourteen cylinders and the firing order was remembered from the following scheme:

1	2	3	4	5	and was
6	7	8	9	10	1-10-5-14-9-4-13-8-3-12-7-2-11-6
11	12	13	14	1	Which was No. 1 and where did the back row numbers start?

THE HOW OF POOP

How is Poop sent out? Well, I write, edit, copy, plagiarize; my secretary, Martha Rowe, types, retypes, Xeroxs, proofs, reduces, pastes up to 8 1/2" x 14" size. Then it is printed, about 700 copies. We get mailing labels from our computer service and Cille and I fold, staple and stamp and put in the post office. We have had nearly 300 computer changes, additions or deletions in fourteen months, each requiring the filling out of a data card, to finally get 700 good names/address combinations. The cost for six mailings - \$1640; \$912 postage, \$317 printing; \$364 computer. (700 labels about \$35); phone calls, \$47. The money came from individuals, \$1174; 2nd ADA postage reimbursement, \$260; sale of 467th History reprint, \$219; a total of \$1653. This Poop is going out with patch sale money, \$145, 700 at 5¢/sheet, 5¢ label, 20¢ postage, about \$245. We're broke.

WHY POOP FROM GROUP?

The maximum number of USAAF personnel assigned to the 467th was 2464 EM and 533 Os, not at the same time, right at 3000 total. I've heard the number 20,000 as having passed through the Group, I believe that is too high; my calculations based on a relative stable ground echelon and three turnovers in air crews would be somewhere between 4700 and 5000. The 467th roster today has only 700 active, valid names in it. Not all of these are Group veterans, that number includes wives, sons and daughters, other kin and friends, and some just joiners, I don't know or care how many these would be, they

are supporters of the 467th. But using the total roster number, we have contacted possibly one-seventh of the 467th veterans. It is down to this people, everyone of us has to find another 467th veterans, and still we would have less than one-third of our potential membership. In October 1981, we had 530 valid members, we now have 700. Every member find a member, lets have 1400 on the roster by the time the 2nd Air Division Association meets in late May. Not all of our Group will ever join the 2ADA but we gained the most members, 41, in the last reunion year ending July 82. I would like very much to see the 467th continuing to lead in new memberships in the 2ADA and eventually become, though one of the lowest time Groups in the 2nd Air Division, the leader in membership in the 2ADA. And this is the reason for Poop, to reach everyone who is on our roster, to urge them to join in the 2nd ADA but if they are unable to, don't want to, they still have this Group, of friends and comrades, to identify with, call upon, respond to. Poop From Group is the vehicle to bring us together, to provide information, facts, figures, fiction, to make us remember, to think, to correspond, to draw us together. Help each of us by finding a new member.

THE WHAT TO DO ABOUT POOP

I tell you what, each of you send me 5 bucks, \$3500. At the reunion in October, we'll use \$1500 to place a memorial to the 467th Bomb Group at the Wright Patterson Air Force Base, to plant a long lived, perpetually cared for tree, with a concrete pedestal mounted bronze plaque, to tell all about the 467th Bomb Group, at its base. Your children, grandchildren, beyond, your friends, kin, countrymen and others are going to know of the 467th and its service to our beloved country in World War II. With the remainder we will put out Poop for ever how long it lasts, and then we'll beg again. Or send me \$10 and I'll send you a beautiful four color 8" x 10" plaque, suitable for framing, professional work, showing the principal history of the Group, its squadrons, ancillary units, battles, etc. Or send Andy DeBeasse 18 bucks for an 8" x 10" color reproduction of the Witchcraft on a 12" x 14" Air Force Blue matting or 28 bucks for the 11" x 14" picture on 15" x 18" matting. Andy's address - 58 Hillside Ave., Madison, NJ, 07940, or call him at 201-337-2938.

I've said it before, now once again. I hate this needing money all the time, having to ask for it, but a few have borne a disproportionate cost of this effort to date, everyone of us should want to, need to, help defray the expenses of this project. Let me hear from you.

Mission Account No. 147 December 25, 1944

Target(s) Mechernich - Gerolstein - Hallschlag (All under the target identification Musch, Germany) You will recall that the German Army Forces were making their last great effort of the war, an attempt to drive through the Ardennes Forest, a break through to the North Sea, an attempt to split the Allied lines, capture Brussels and roll up, capture, all Allied Forces north of their penetration to force a more satisfactory solution, to them, than unconditional surrender. This offensive, popularly called the Battle of the Bulge, started on 18 December, picked to coincide with extremely poor flying weather. In fact, the 467th flew to Coblenz on that date, then did not fly another mission until Christmas Eve when the sun shone on the Ardennes Valley. I flew the mission on the 24th, the target Gerolstein, my diary says excellent results as does the official Group history. Remembered, or written about, was the fact that we bombed from 11000'. Mission 146, Christmas Eve, saw every flyable ship on Rackheath going out, including "Pete the Pom Inspector" assembly ship, flown by Charlie McMahon, a "happy warrior", the greatest number of aircraft ever sent on a mission from Rackheath. The targets were Duan, Gerolstein and Ober, marshalling yards, switch points, bridges, culverts, each target assigned to isolate the German thrust from the supplies necessary to sustain it. A single casualty, Sgt. Denver Loberg, KIA, occurred out of this total maximum effort of sixty-one aircraft and probably over 575 airmen.

On Christmas Day, Mission 147, consisting of only twenty-eight planes, was dispatched to the targets above. Group lead was a 466th BG GH equipped PFF B-24. The ships formed three squadrons, with the following target assignments: Lead - Mechernich, Low Left - Gerolstein, High Right - Hallschlag. Gerolstein was a marshalling yard, Hallschlag was a switchpoint on a railline, I don't know what Mechernich was, probably a marshalling yard. The Lead Squadron could not sight their target visually and dropped PFF, the other two squadrons also dropped, supposedly on targets, but no method of bomb placement is stated. The altitude for attack was 23000 feet. Between the IP and targets, moderate flak was encountered. Some Groups were attacked by 15 - 20 FW 190 fighters. The 389th BG lost three ships to these attacks.

Aircraft 42-95220 of the 788th was hit in the bombbay, (by fighters? flak?) and was seen descending in flames to about 5000 feet where it was lost from view. The crew on 220 were Truxes, Sullivan, Countey, Ellefson (KIA), Hardick (KIA), Onisehuk (KIA), Morehouse (KIA), Koly (KIA), Walinski (KIA) and Hurwitz, from 789th.

Aircraft 42-94963, 791st (lead?) was damaged (by flak, fighters?) and made an emergency landing at the LeTord airfield in Belgium. On touchdown 963 swerved off the runway and crashed into a parked aircraft, killing Sefka and Hanks, the two pilots, and injuring Smith and Plaskiewies (Engr? - R.O.?)

A B-24J-1-FO, Serial No. 42-50675, Bold Venture III, of the 788th was also hit (by fighters from what I have read) and an engine was on fire. The pilot, Ehrich; copilot Killmeyer (POW); Engineer Yarnell (POW) and Radio Operator Sanders (POW) bailed out upon Ehrich's signal. (Nothing further is known of Ehrich and some accounts say that those in the waist-tail positions also jumped). However, other accounts say Whitman, Navigator and Salem, "Pilot-Navigator" (possibly the Bombardier riding in the nose turret) and three others bailed out after crossing into Allied controlled territory, after the engine fire had gone out and a lone P-51 came down to provide escort. However it happened, Whitman was hospitalized with a broken ankle in Belgium and Salem, with a sprained ankle, and three others returned to Rackheath.

Whitman and/or Salem directed the plane toward Allied territory, using the autopilot-bombsight connection and after all bailed out, Bold Venture III continued across Belgium, the Channel and five English counties before crashing near Vowchurch, South Wales.

Further complicating the whole of 675, Bold Venture III, misfortunes is a writers statement "the plane flew itself to Wales and landed without damage in a bog when its gas ran out. (Without damage?) Another source shows the plane salvaged on December 24, 1944 at Griston/Watton by the 3rd S.A.D. A ground crewman tells me it was "Wabbit" to whom this misadventure occurred and "Wabbit" was brought back to Rackheath and flown on further missions. What do you know of this? Please write me of any details.

In any event, the official loss of December 25, 1944 was 220, shot down in enemy territory; 963 and 675 were not included in the official statistics as lost to enemy action or whatever term was used.

On December 26, 1944, my crew was sent to an airfield, depot, somewhere, with another crew, ferried by a third and we brought back two new B-24s to the Group. I remember that the airfield, except for runways and taxi ways, was completely covered with B-24s, way back in the corner were some "D" models. I don't remember what we flew back, Hs, Js, Ls or Ms.

LETTERS - Here's one of over eighty I've received since December, From Floyd F. "Puff" Pugh.

As promised in my last correspondence that I would write and give you a description of my association with the 467th Bomb Group and specifically the 791st Bomb Squadron, the following is what I've been able to recall. But first let me say that I certainly enjoy your Group correspondence complete with history and anecdotes. Perhaps some of my comments can be used as "grist for your mill." I have a few pictures that I will bring with me to Cincinnati this fall--yes, we (wife Anne and I) plan to attend the Group reunion. We had given considerable thought and almost committed ourselves to England but due to essentials of time and retirement, we have opted for just Cincinnati. I would send the pictures to you but I don't trust the U. S. mail, and if they were lost, I would never forgive myself. The following information is pulled from memory as I type and may not stand too much historical scrutiny.

I was assigned to the 467th Bomb Group from a replacement pool located in Salt Lake City, Utah in December, 1943, having completed pilot training in Class 43K. The 791st Squadron was the recipient of my talents and I was assigned to Crew (training) CR-172. Ray Graf was the pilot. Other members included: Larry Maddock, Navigator; Hank Wedaa, Bombardier; Koslowitz, Engineer; Stevenson, Radio; Carpenter, Mitchell, Lowe and Colvin were the gunners.

Wendover, Utah will always be remembered with the snow and cold of a December, 1943 winter, tar paper buildings with coal stoves that, when fired up, (which was all the time) emitted soft coal smoke that hung over the salt plains like a blanket; one slept with it, ate with it and flew with it! Talk about smog--that is where it all originated! The BOQ's were not too much of a shock because Advance was taken at Pampa, Texas and we were quartered in the original tar paper shacks! It's amazing how "everyone" had the worst quarters in the Army! We didn't do too much flying while at Wendover mostly due to weather but we learned enough to fly ourselves to England. While at Wendover I can remember the State Line Cafe, Salt Lake City, Salt Flats, racetrack, snow, ice, and some horrible quarters occupied by married couples! Then it was on to Herrington, Kansas and to Merry Olde England.

On arrival in England, our crew was billeted with Wescott's crew and we maintained the mission-completed scores on the front of the billet. The hut was the first hut north of the Squadron bulletin board, across the street from the coal/charcoal dump.

Names that come to mind as I pick my brain: McKay, Squadron Ops; of course, Wallace, C.O.; Sell, pilot; Swearengen, pilot; D. T. Bean, pilot; Rigsbee, pilot; Seward, pilot; Stevens, pilot. Seems to me there were two Stevens at first and one of them was

reassigned to the 15th Air Force some time after our arrival. I can see many more faces but the names escape me at present.

The first and only replacement crew that I can recall was piloted by a Manning. I flew a practice mission with him. I was assigned to Group Headquarters or some element of support following completion of my thirty missions and the fellow I worked for was a Major Darnell. If I remember correctly, I signed a "Poop from Group" bulletin one time in his absence. I rotated to the States in September with the first group to do so, I believe.

The one hundred mission party was a blast as were many others. Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl Orchestra entertained the outfit at one time but I believe we had to go to Horsham St. Faith for that show. Glenn Miller was also on the agenda but I can't remember where we went. London was different and Edinburgh was wonderful. Of course, Norwich was a life saver but Wroxham was the favorite! Three of us warriors rented a boat over on the Broads; actually, the boat, complete with dinghy, but minus engine, was on the stream that led into the Broads, just to the right of the bridge that led into Wroxham. Maybe it was to the left--anyway, we enjoyed cooking privileges; there was a stove on the boat and food was obtained from the Mess Hall along with breads from the quaint little bakery in Wroxham. The attached dinghy had a sail and to the midwestern soldier who had no sailing experience, rowing became a must when one was downstream and the wind was against you. And I think it was this way all of the time! I can recall an instance when a good buzz job overturned a boat that was enjoying an outing--a B-24 on a maintenance test hop! Mercy!

Thank God for the Red Cross clubs for, among other things, they always had peanut butter sandwiches, especially the one in Norwich. And who could forget the fish market and the fish and chips served in a newspaper? And such novelties as smoking allowed in the movie theaters and the singing of "God Save the Queen".

Our thirty missions went pretty much on schedule if there was such a thing! We only aborted one time for an engine failure while in assembly area; no particular battle damage to speak of except for few flak holes, etc. The steak following the first mission to Berlin is remembered as are the bees in the marmalade, halfdone pancakes, stew for breakfast, and the one-hundred mission cake!

Mission Assembly was always a sporting course, and upon returning and seeing the White Cliffs of Dover ahead and above made one question the validity of daylight high altitude bombing. Staying VFR from Splasher 5 in IFR condition at tree top level followed by the squirrel cage traffic pattern with its precision (?) approach was always a challenge for anyone but the weak!!

More names come to mind: Charles Grace, pilot; Lyle Prichard, co-pilot--these two landed the first B-24 on the European Continent as you probably know! We still hear from Prichard every Christmas. Wendell Pirtle, Jake Rentz, and I were 43K classmates. Mason, co-pilot, Redick, pilot and Nordquist, a Bombardier were acquaintances.

And then there were three-cushion beds, ablution huts, NAAFI, and who could forget the TANOI! Being a happy warrior was not only a status symbol but gave the individual a great sense of relief.

I departed Rackheath for the States in September 1944, traveling by rail to Liverpool, boat (the Mariposa) to Boston, R and R in Miami Beach with subsequent assignment to Victorville, California flying B-24's for radar trainees (observers). End of war and return to civilian life in September, 1945.

I returned to civilian life, to my homestate of Iowa and remained in the active Air Force Reserve, flying training aircraft including T-6, T-11, C-45 and the C-46. I was assigned to the 438th Troop Carrier Wing at Offutt Air Force Base, Nebraska with subsequent recall to active duty in March, 1951. I rounded out a thirty-year career in September, 1972 after participating in the B-29, B-36 and the B-52 programs, all within the Strategic Air Command, retiring from Whiteman Air Force Base as Base Commander.

One final thought: my nickname is "Puff" and I would imagine that most of my former buddies would remember me by that name as opposed to Floyd J.

Looking forward to October in Cincinnati, I remain, Yours sincerely, Floyd F. "Puff" Pugh, 2004 S. Kentucky Ave., Sedalia, MO., 65301

Sweden II

In Poop, Vol. 2 No. 3, Jack (Jasper) Robinson wrote of why and how he got to Sweden. He and I spoke of Richard Ford, Engineer on A/C #42-52525, Six-Bits, on that mission of June 21, 1944. I asked Dick to write of his experiences in Sweden, which he was kind enough to do. So follows Dick's story. Dick was on Ed Rudowski's replacement crew and they arrived at Rackheath in May 1944.

"Seems like from the day we left the Repo-Depo at Stone and arrived at Rackheath all I foggily remember is fly practice missions to the Wash, eat, sleep and fly. We really didn't have time to study our base and all of its support squadrons and activities. I didn't even get into Norwich or to any of the local pubs. Your December 82 issue of "Poop From Group" was a genuine stump puller! Imagine my

surprise in finding good ole Jasper Robinson's article on our 21 June 44 mission to Berlin. Jasper pretty much told it the way it was.

One or two things I might offer. I remember ripping out some of the head liner insulation from the ceiling of the flight deck and stuffing it up in the holes in the bottom of the center section tanks to slow down the rate of leakage. I recall I switched #2 and #3 (engines) to tank engine crossfeed, then #1 and #4 to engine crossfeed. The transfer pump was out and I wanted to consume as much of the leaking fuel as possible. After about 10-15 minutes, the fuel pressure gauges wiggled so I switched #1 and #4 to tank engine crossfeed and #2 and #3 to engine crossfeed. Might have saved us from ditching in the Baltic because when we cleared the coast at Sweden, I could see no more than 1/8" in the bottom of the sight glass gauges.

On pre-landing inspection I discovered a flat nose wheel tire. Ed Rudowski decided to bring her in "tail dragger" style. He held her back on the main gear until about 50 MPH, then the nose wheel came down and on contact began shimmying and vibrating, then the nose gear collapsed with a hell of a bang and screeching of metal, actually very little damage to the nose however.

Rudowski brought us all in without a scratch. God bless him! About the time the dust settled, the Swedes picked us up and took us in for the name, rank and serial number session, where we were given fresh milk and pastries. That evening we traveled north, under escort, in clean comfortable rail cars, arriving next morning in Faliin. First thing was a complete scrub down in the public bath house. We then met our local counselor officials who with some Swedish officials arranged for our billeting which turned out to be similar to a large boarding house. In a day or two we received a supplemental payment, in Swedish currency, four Kroners equal to one dollar, which covered our civilian clothing purchases.

So there we were, safe and sound, in a beautiful country, surrounded by friendly people. When would we leave? All in good time we were told. The U. S. and Germany had agreed to a repatriation exchange. This turned into a six months paid vacation. We were finally to be repatriated in November 1944. As we, the crew, were clearing customs at the U.S. Legation, I was told by the Air Attache Officer that I had been placed on detached service and received special orders transferring me to the city of Vasteras, located about 60 miles east of Stockholm. At Vasteras, I lived in the Stora Hotel, sharing a room with a view with S/Sgt Edinger, complete with maid service. Next morning, after breakfast in a local cafeteria, I think we had fruit juice, pancakes with linger berrys, kippered herring, and coffee, we were issued ration coupons. All meat, dairy products, alcohol, tobacco, shoes, clothing, every consumable product was controlled by rationing so that there was very little black market activity.

Then I met with our local Officer In Charge and traveled by city bus to the outskirts of town. After passing through a military gate we arrived at a Swedish Air Force Base called Hasslo F-1. The operational aircraft based on the field were twin engine light bomber-diver bomber. The SAAB B-18 was of modern design, built in Tinskooping, heavily armed with Bofors 20 MM and 40 MM automatic cannon and powered by Swedish built Pratt and Whitney 1830 engines. After having lunch in the base cafeteria, we traveled past modern hangers and shops and I thought, this is a first class facility to repair our B-24 and B-17 aircraft. We passed the last of the permanent facilities, rounded a bend in the road and there in a twenty acre snow covered pea patch sat our weary bomber fleet. I counted about 40 B-24s and B-17s. My guide pointed out a 10' x 10' tar paper covered shack and said that it was the B-24 maintenance Headquarters. Smoke was pouring out of the shack and at that time the door burst open and a wild eyed dude ran out, grabbed a CO2 extinguisher, reentered the shack and got the home made heater under control. After things calmed down, I was introduced to my fellow mechanics. These guys were my constant companions for the next seven months. Turned out to be a great bunch, mostly from farm backgrounds, could literally repair everything with the tools at hand out in the wind, rain, snow, sleet, using home made "A" frames and work stands. We managed to change engines, replace damaged fuel cells, repair and replace control surfaces. I did some control rigging. Special tools were flown into Stockholm via Balchen's boys from Teuchars. (Col. Brent M. Balchen led the 492nd Carpet Bagger's, flying stripped down B-24s, to drop agents and supplies to Underground organizations. The Group brought 4303 Norwegians, American internees and nationals of at least six nations from Sweden to the United Kingdom. His aircraft provided the basic means by which supplies and equipment could be sent to Sweden, resulting in the repair and repatriation of nearly two-thirds of the American aircraft forced down in Sweden). Sweden supplied some spark plugs and hand tools. We had about fifty men on this work, half from B-24s and the other half from B-17s. A few were spark chasers and a few had had some sheet metal experience.

We had weekends off and were paid base pay, overseas pay, combat pay and five dollars a day per diem. Remembering to 4 to 1 exchange rate, we made out alright.

Every weekend we received dinner invitations, to go sailing, spend the weekend in a summer cottage on a lake, the list is endless. Fond remembrances, all in the land of the midnight sun.

And the war wore down. We survived the V. E. Day blowout at a local hotel, the Klippan I believe. Then it was work as usual at the base, final preparations, preflights, cleaning bird nests out of the engine air ducts, test flights, then one by one the planes we had repaired left for England. So ended a most interesting and unusual thirteen months in Sweden."

Richard "Dick" Ford lives at 600 1/2 Marigold, Coronada del Mar, CA., 92625. His last note was "our A/C No. 42-52525, Six-Bits, repaired and returned to England in July 1945."

RACKHEATH PUB GETS WAR LINK REMINDER

was the lead of a story in the Norwich "Astonisher" of recent date. Tony Hill, historian, author, friend of the 467th, sent me the clipping which states: "Visitors to the Green Man public-house in Rackheath will have a reminder of the village's link with the past, thanks to a presentation ceremony which took place on Tuesday night. Mr. Louis Pennow, a director of the 8th Air Force Memorial Museum Foundation, presented a framed photograph of planes (in flight) which flew from the Rackheath base during the Second World War to Mr. Keith Hill, the landlord of the Green Man Pub. Mr. Pennow said he hoped to present a photograph to the pub nearest to each war-time airfield. The Rackheath presentation was the first, but he hoped further presentations would follow. He said there were about 70 operational bases in Britain during the war, at least 15 of them in the area (of Norwich).

He said the object of the Foundation was to use many different means to remember people who lost their lives (in that period).

"It is a kind of focal point for Americans who fly back to visit and it is a reminder to local people—even to the young people—of what happened here on their doorstep", he said.

Mr. Pennow, who served during World War Two, stated Rackheath was only operational thirteen months in 1944 and 1945, but between 4000 and 5000 American probably served there."

Most all of us remember the Green Man. I visited it in 1975 and found it virtually unchanged from 1944-45. I will visit it again, and the Blue Boar, in May, 1983.

Tony is in need of 458th, 466th, 467th, 96th Combat Wing, Aircraft or related pictures for his current effort to publish a (pictorial) history of all Groups and Wings of the Second Air Division. I can assure you that photographs sent to him are returned promptly, and unharmed. Look in your memorabilia and let Tony use your photos, of aircraft and nose art, to best represent the 467th in his current book. Write (send) to him, Tony North, 62 Turner Road, Norfolk, NR2 4HE, England.

Talking of photos, Tony wrote, "they've put a hugh photo on the back wall of the Memorial Room and it shows 467th aircraft so you are "one up" on the other Groups. Still, you were the best!" You will recall at Nashville we were the first Group, and only Group, to subscribe our full amount for renovation of the library room as proposed at the convention. Suggested, but not a contingency of our subscription, was the use of a photo mural of 467th aircraft as the background of the various Group tail insignias and histories. Someone listened, I'm extremely pleased, and you should be also, that the 467th is to be so honored.

USE THE FOLLOWING FORM TO MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS FOR THE 467th REUNION, DAYTON, THE WRIGHT PLACE TO BE, OHIO, OCTOBER 7-8-9, 1983.

Do not send monies at this time. Hotel reservation costs will be paid directly by you, I will send you a reservation card from the hotel. Early arrivals-late departures are assured the same \$33 per day rate as for the reunion nights. And I will send you a participant cost, to be paid to me, as soon after June as practical. See the foregoing for anticipated costs.

Name: _____

Accompanied by (Name(s)) _____

Reservation in name of Above or _____

(I)(We) will arrive on _____ October, 1983 and depart _____ October, 1983

Arriving by: Auto _____; Air _____; Train _____; Other _____.

Will require: Single _____; Double _____; Double-Double _____; Other _____

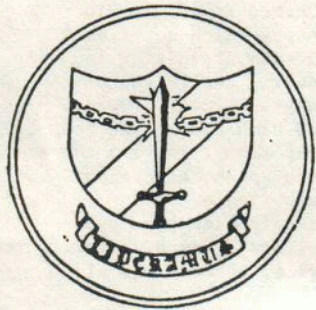
In addition to the activities outlined, I would like _____

Phillip G. Day
237 Pennsylvania Ave.
Shreveport, LA. 71105

*5/14/83 Hugh Donlon called
just talked w/Dream Johnson
in Concord Calif.
Hugh wants to get crew together
in Dayton, Oh. on Oct 7, 89,*



467th
Bomb Group



FRANK S WATSON
7208 AZTEC RD NE
ALBUQUERQUE NM

87110

*8/29/83 Hugh has contacted Maharrey + Johnson
They are coming. Told them I'd be there*